



ROME. II



THE MAKING OF AN EMPEROR

(Claudius Hailed as Emperor after the Murder of His Predecessor)

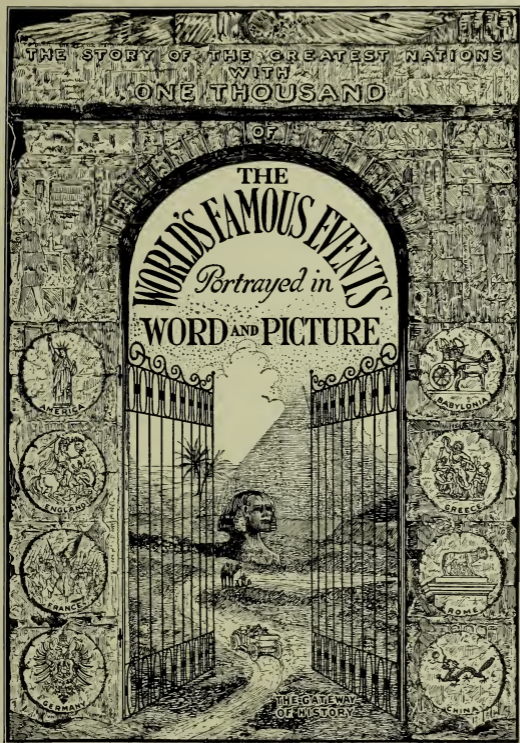
By Sir Laurence Alma-Tadema, the Dutch-English master, noted for his Roman scenes

THE Roman Empire, stupendous as it was in power, inestimable as were its benefits to civilization, was yet at its centre an evil thing. To the world at large it gave peace, but to the city of Rome it gave every form of vice, extravagance, and the utter debasement of humanity. Typical of this is the story of Claudius, the fourth emperor. His predecessor, Caligula, had been a monster of evil, murdering all his relatives and every one whom he thought might possibly depose him or conspire against him. He delighted in watching the physical torture of his victims. The only relative who escaped this monster was his uncle Claudius, who was so idle and inert that he was regarded as being weak-minded.

At length some of Caligula's own palace attendants slew him in a frenzy of anger and of terror for their own lives. As the assassins ranged furiously through the palace, the poor Claudius thought they meant to slay him also, and he hid trembling behind a curtain. But they planned to make him emperor, as being the least dangerous man they could select. So when they discovered the shivering coward, they dragged him forth, not to death, but to be saluted and placed upon a throne.

He wedded one of the worst and wildest of the women of the palace, Agrippina, and she finally poisoned him to make her son Nero emperor.





Volume Second



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THE PROTECTRESS OF ATHENS

(Athenian Women Worshipping at the Shrine of Athene or Minerva)

*From the painting by the nineteenth century Spanish artist, Vicente
Palmaroli*

IN the later ages of Greek history the city of Athens grew to be even more remarkable and more celebrated than Sparta.

The name Athens means the city of Athenē, which was the Greek name of Minerva, the goddess of Wisdom. Legend said that when Athens was first founded the two deities Minerva and Neptune each desired to be its chief deity. They agreed that the honor should fall to whichever one presented the Athenians with the best gift. Neptune, the sea-farer, the wide wanderer, gave them the horse. But Minerva in her greater wisdom gave them the olive tree, which is the most valued of the agricultural products of Greece. Thus Minerva won the contest; and every Athenian babe was thereafter presented to her for protection in the quiet groves dedicated to her worship.

Neptune never ceased, however, to take an interest in the city; and at length he brought to the Athenians the naval supremacy of the world, in addition to their leadership in wisdom. Probably in this pretty legend we can read traces of the fact that Athens was founded by a mixture of seamen and agricultural folk. Each class urged its mode of life and worship upon the other, and ultimately the land folk, the home dwellers, dominated the community, though the commercial labors of the maritime population continued as an important factor in Athenian prosperity.







TRIBUTE TO THE MINISTERS

OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND

IN THE YEAR 1840

THE MINISTERS OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND, in the year 1840, were distinguished by a variety of talents and virtues, which were not only the result of their own industry and application, but also of the liberal and generous patronage of the State. They were men of high moral character, and of great intellectual power, who were able to perform their duties with fidelity and courage. They were men of high moral character, and of great intellectual power, who were able to perform their duties with fidelity and courage. They were men of high moral character, and of great intellectual power, who were able to perform their duties with fidelity and courage.

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"TRIBUTE TO THE MINOTAUR"

(Theseus and His Companions Enter the Monster's Lair)

*From the painting by Auguste Gendron, a French historical painter
(1818-1881)*

THE traditional hero of early Athens, the national figure to whom the later generations looked back, was Theseus. Most celebrated of all his bold adventures was the destruction of the Minotaur. This terrible monster, half man, half bull, was kept prisoner by Minos, king of Crete, in a vast structure called the Labyrinth. This was built of endless winding passages, from which neither the Minotaur nor any one else could find the exit. Athens formed part of the empire of Minos, and its citizens were compelled to send as tribute every year a shipload of young men and maidens to be devoured by the Minotaur. Theseus, the youthful prince of Athens, voluntarily offered to go as one of the victims. But he went with bolder purpose than that of submitting quietly to death.

In Crete, he won the affection of Ariadne, a daughter of King Minos. She gave him a skein of thread so that he could unwind it behind him as he entered the Labyrinth, and find his way back again. Thus aided, Theseus resolutely entered the blood-stained passages of the Labyrinth, encountered the Minotaur and, after a tremendous contest, slew him. Then escaping by means of the thread, he took Ariadne as his bride and sailed back with her to Athens, rejoicing with his rescued comrades.







THE WALL OF SUBSIDIARIES

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THE FALL OF HIPPOLYTUS

(A Sea Monster Terrifies the Horses of Hippolytus)

From a painting by Benjamin West, the first great American artist

THOUGH Theseus, the great founder of Athens, had been victorious in the exploits of his youth, life did not run smoothly for him in his age. Legend represents him as marrying Phædra, the young sister of Ariadne, whom he had so recklessly deserted. Phædra cared little for her celebrated but aged husband. Instead she loved his young son Hippolytus, and, failing to win the lad, accused him to Theseus of having wronged her. Theseus, blinded by rage, made no inquiry into the matter, but prayed to the god Neptune, demanding vengeance upon his son. In response Neptune sent a sea monster, which appeared suddenly before Hippolytus while the lad was driving along the seashore in his chariot. The horses of Hippolytus, terrified by the monster, overthrew the chariot and the youth was dragged behind it and slain.

Too late, the aged Theseus learned of the innocence of his son. Phædra killed herself, and Theseus was exiled by his own people of Athens, for whom he had done so much. Aroused partly by his crime, partly by the severity of his rule, they drove him from among them. Theseus took shelter with the King of Scyros, who at first welcomed him, but afterward, fearing his power, pushed him from a crag at the summit of the island, so that he was dashed to pieces. The Athenians then forgot their grievances against the mighty hero, and thereafter worshipped Theseus as a god.







THE FIRST DEMAGOGUE

(Cylon Courts the Favor of the Poor in Athens)

From a painting of 1880 by the German artist, Paul Thumann

THE earliest tale of Athens which clears itself of legendary fancies and stands out as clear history is that of Cylon. In his day, some six centuries before Christ, Athens was ruled by a few wealthy families and all the rest of the people lived careless lives in the sunshine, poor, often cruelly ill-used, but managing to enjoy life nevertheless. Cylon, one of the aristocracy, resolved to make himself sole ruler of the city. So he took up the people's cause, and went much among the poor, flattering them, purchasing their wares in the market place, and telling them how badly they were abused. Then suddenly he gathered his friends around him and called on the people to rise and throw off the rule of the aristocracy.

The people failed to respond; and Cylon and his partisans were defeated by the aristocrats and besieged on the high rocky hill of the Acropolis. Cylon managed to escape, but his friends were compelled to surrender. They clung to the altars of the gods and claimed their protection. The enraged aristocrats promised to spare them, but soon found excuse to break the pledge; and the unfortunate agitators were all slain. Thus ended the career of the first man who posed, for it seems to have been merely a pose on Cylon's part, as "the friend of the people."







THE RESTORATION OF PISISTRATUS

(The Athenians Welcome the Exiled Tyrant and Restore Him to Power)

From the picture by F. Guillery, drawn for the historic pageant of Athens

ABOUT half a century after Cylon's time, an abler man succeeded in doing almost exactly what Cylon had planned. This successful leader of the poorer classes was Pisistratus, a member of the aristocracy who by clever tricks gradually gained complete control of the minds of the people and complete power over the city. Thus he became its "tyrant," a word which to the Greeks meant simply a ruler, whether good or bad, who governed without legal authority.

At one time the aristocrats united against Pisistratus and drove him from the city; but they quarrelled among themselves, and the chief of them went over to Pisistratus and offered to aid him in regaining his power. The tyrant then marched boldly into Athens in a triumphal procession. This was headed by a very tall and stately woman dressed to represent Minerva. She spoke as though she were indeed the goddess, the protectress of Athens; presenting Pisistratus to her beloved Athenians she bade them receive him as her chosen ruler. It hardly seems probable that the shrewd Athenians were deceived by this theatric pose; but they were glad to have Pisistratus anyway, as he ruled them much more generously and wisely than the aristocracy had done. So they welcomed him most heartily, and he regained all his former power.









ÆSOP'S FABLES

(The Celebrated Story-teller Practising among the Asiatic Greeks)

From the painting by Roberto Fontana, a contemporary Italian artist

UNDER Pisistratus, Athens prospered as it had never done before. He encouraged enterprise and commerce, and the people became wealthy. He also encouraged art in every form. Learned men began to flock to Athens, until gradually it became the intellectual center of the world.

Among those who thus gathered round Pisistratus was the celebrated teller of fables, Æsop. Tradition says that Æsop had been an Asiatic slave, either Greek or Lydian, and that he was dwarfed and hunchbacked and very homely. But his shrewd and pointed little stories made him everywhere welcome. He made the Athenians content to submit to Pisistratus, by telling them the fable of the frogs who prayed Jupiter for a king. When they grumbled at Jupiter's first choice of a quiet log to rule them, the god sent instead a stork for king, and the stork devoured all his frog subjects. Thus Æsop suggested that if the Athenians rebelled against Pisistratus, they might easily find themselves in the grasp of worse rulers.

We have little definite knowledge of Æsop. Legend tells us that he quarrelled with the priests of the oracle of Delphi, and though he told them a clever fable to save himself, they slew him as a blasphemer, hurling him from the cliffs of Delphi. His fables have become known all over the world.







THE ORACLE FREES ATHENS

(The Delphic Oracle Insists to the Spartans That They Must Help the Athenians)

After the painting by Henri Motte, the noted French historical painter

THE two sons of Pisistratus succeeded him as "Tyrants" of Athens. One of them was slain, and the survivor, Hippias, treated the Athenians very cruelly. Some of his victims appealed to the oracle at Delphi for aid; and the priesthood took up their cause. At this time, as you will remember, Sparta was the most powerful state of Greece. So, on every occasion that the Spartans came to consult the oracle at Delphi, which was the great religious center of Greece, the Spartan envoys were given always the one answer: "Athens must be liberated."

At length the Spartans resolved that they must obey this reiterated religious command. They sent an army, and with its aid the Athenians threw off the yoke of Hippias. Thus Athens, which had at first been ruled by hereditary kings, then by an hereditary aristocracy, and then by vigorous tyrants who posed as friends of the people, now passed through another stage of government. The people themselves became their own rulers; Athens began her splendid career as a republic.

The priesthood at Delphi received rich rewards from the Athenians for having thus aided them. After that, Athens and the Delphic priesthood remained almost always on friendly terms, shrewd and valued helpers to each other.







THE WINDY CITY

THE WINDY CITY, A NOVEL, IN THREE VOLUMES. BY MRS. J. K. BROWN. LONDON: PUBLISHED BY J. K. BROWN, 1854.

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EUROPE AGAINST ASIA

(The Persian Bridge of Boats Across the Bosphorus Protected by the Asiatic Greeks)

Painted for this publication by the American artist, J. Steeple Davis

THE great empire of Persia had gradually extended its power over all Asia, including the Greek cities there. Next, the Persian King Darius resolved to invade Europe. His first purpose was to chastise the Scythian tribes, who lived in the Balkan mountains north of Greece. So Darius came with an army to the shore of the Bosphorus, the narrow strait which separates Europe and Asia, and over this he built a bridge of boats. He then advanced to the Danube and built another bridge, leaving these bridges in charge of his subjects, the Asiatic Greeks, while he marched away northward into the wilderness.

The wild tribes there fled before him, and his army almost starved. His progress was watched anxiously by the European Greeks, who feared the Persians would attack them next. When Darius was in sorest straits some of the European Greeks, led by the Athenian general Miltiades, came to the guardians of the bridges and urged them to become allies of the Scyths. By destroying the two bridges they would hold Darius and all his famishing troops at their mercy. The Asiatic Greeks, however, clung to their pledge of loyalty to Darius, and thus his exhausted army escaped back to Asia. In this manner the first Persian expedition into Europe ended in failure indeed, but not in the utter destruction which the Athenian Miltiades had planned.







SPARTA DEFIES THE PERSIANS

(The Persian Envoys Cast into a Well at Sparta)

Painted for this publication by the American artist, J. Steeple Davis

KING DARIUS now resolved to establish a definite empire over the Greeks in Europe. For this purpose he sent envoys to each little Grecian state, demanding that each should send him a trifle of earth and of water as symbols that they accepted him as lord over land and sea and would obey all his commands. Meanwhile he attacked Miletus, the richest and greatest of the Grecian cities in Asia, which had rebelled against him. Miletus was captured and, as a warning to the other Greeks, was utterly destroyed.

As a result the Greek cities of the islands all obeyed the Persian envoys, and sent the earth and water to Darius. But Sparta and Athens, the two chief cities of the European Greeks, checked the panic, which might have led all Greece to bow to Persia without a blow. The Athenians knew that they would be the special objects of the great king's wrath, for they had aided the people of Miletus against him. Nevertheless they refused the demand of his envoys firmly, and dismissed them courteously. But the rougher Spartans threw the haughty Persians into a well, telling them that there they would find both earth and water and could help themselves. So Darius planned a great expedition to punish these insolent strangers, who were of so little importance to the ancient world of Asia that as yet the Persians did not even know where their cities lay.







MARATHON

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MARATHON

(The Athenians Drive the Persians Back to Their Ships)

From a painting by J. Steeple Davis, a contemporary American artist

THE battle of Marathon (490 B. C.) is often spoken of as one of the great decisive victories of the world; because there the Greek warriors first proved their superiority over the Persians and checked the conquering advance of the Asiatics. At Marathon, however, the Persians were not putting forth their full power. Darius supposed that a small portion of his army would be quite sufficient to punish these Athenians and Spartans who had defied him; and he did not lead the expedition in person.

The Persian fleet conquered the island of Eretria near Athens, and then landed its soldiers, possibly sixty thousand of them, on the plain of Marathon, twenty-five miles outside of Athens. The Spartans had promised to send their army to join that of Athens, which was only ten thousand strong. But the Athenians could not wait. Led by their general, Miltiades, the same who had previously plotted against Darius, they charged suddenly upon the Persians with such desperate valor that the enemy were overwhelmed and fled to their ships. The Greeks pursued them furiously and even endeavored to stop the flight of the Persian ships. But these got away, and sailed toward Athens itself, hoping to capture it in the army's absence. Miltiades then hurried his men back to Athens in time to front the enemy again; and the Persians, not daring to renew the fight, sailed back to Asia.









THE DOWNFALL OF MILTIADES

(He Flees in Religious Awe from the Sacred Grove of Paros)

Painted for this series by the American artist, J. Steeple Davis

GR^{EAT} was the joy of the Athenians and great the glory that accrued to them after the remarkable victory at Marathon. The Spartan army, reaching Athens a few days after, marched to the field of battle and gazed upon the bodies of the slain in wonder. They lauded the Athenians to the skies. Miltiades was the hero of the hour.

Unfortunately Miltiades was not a pure-minded patriot fighting only because he must; he was an adventurer, and a rather unscrupulous one. At one time he had made himself "tyrant" of some Greek towns, which the Persians took from him. Indeed, he was only back in his native Athens at all, because after his previous plotting against King Darius he had fled from the wrath of the "great king." Miltiades now asked the Athenians to let him lead their fleet on a secret expedition. They supposed of course that he had planned some stratagem against the Persians; but he used the fleet to attack the Greek city of Paros, because of a private vengeance. He hoped to capture the town by treachery and was invited by a priestess to meet her in a sacred grove. But on entering the grove he was overcome with religious fear, and fled and broke his leg in jumping from a wall. Then his sailors carried him back to Athens, where the people, deeply grieved by his falsity to their cause, sentenced him to pay a heavy fine. He died before the fine was paid, died facing the scorn and pity of his countrymen.







TOMB OF LEONIDAS AT SPARTA

THE STORY OF THE GREATEST NATIONS

ANCIENT NATIONS—GREECE

Chapter XVII.

THE INVASION OF XERXES.



THE victory of Marathon was one of the decisive battles of the world. Had the tide turned the other way, Greece would have been crushed, its whole history changed, and Oriental barbarism would have obtained a firm foothold in Europe. The victory has been celebrated by many poets, and the Athenians firmly believed the gods fought on their side. The one hundred and ninety-two heroes who fell were buried on the field, and the mound erected over them still remains. The flood of Persian invasion was rolled back, and Miltiades received every honor that a grateful people could render him. To his memory a separate monument was raised on the immortal battlefield; and his form is the most prominent in the picture hung on the painted porch of Athens.

Shortly after the battle the strained relations between Ægina and Athens resulted in a war which lasted until the next great invasion of Greece by the Persians. A demand was made by the Æginetans for the surrender of their ten hostages. This was refused, and war followed. Its most important result was the resolution brought about by Themistocles to convert

Athens into a maritime power. Themistocles was a sagacious though selfish statesman, who foresaw that Persia would ere long renew her attempt to conquer Greece, which would be helpless without a powerful navy. The leading men in Athens at this time were Miltiades, Themistocles, and Aristides. Because of his pure patriotism, Aristides was known as the "Just," but he was stubborn and impracticable and in these days would be called a "crank." He bitterly opposed the policy of Themistocles, and the people finally became so impatient with his obduracy that they ostracized him. It is said that a countryman, not knowing Aristides, asked him to write his name in favor of the measure, and when calmly asked by the patriot his reason for doing so, he replied that it was merely because he was tired of forever hearing of "Aristides the *Just*." Be that as it may, it was undoubtedly a good thing that Athens was freed of his presence for a few years.

The Athenians had a full treasury, and the scheme of Themistocles was so sensible that they willingly set about building a navy. A fleet of two hundred ships was provided for, and a decree was passed to add twenty ships each year. Perhaps the most potent argument was the pressing necessity for them in order to fight the Æginetans, for few were as sagacious as Themistocles, who saw that another Persian invasion was inevitable. "Thus," says Herodotus, "the Æginetan war saved Greece by compelling the Athenians to make themselves a maritime power."

How often it has happened in the history of great men that the latter part of their lives has obscured the glory of their former deeds! Many a bright name has been tarnished, and often their admirers have been compelled to feel that the heroes lived too long. It would have been better for Miltiades had he fallen at Marathon, when his fame was at its zenith, for he never could have added to it by subsequent achievements, and historians would have been spared the pain of recording his unworthy ending.

So unbounded was the admiration of his countrymen and so limitless their confidence in him, that when he asked for seventy of these new ships, without telling what he intended to do with them, except that he would enrich the state, his request was promptly granted. Now, all that Miltiades wished to do was to gratify a private spite against a prominent citizen of Paros, one of the most flourishing of the Cyclades. He sailed to that island and laid siege to the town. He was resisted so spiritedly that by and by he saw he would have to retire in disgrace and return to Athens.

One day word was brought to him from a priestess of the temple of Ceres, that if he would secretly visit by night a temple from which all men were excluded, she would show him a way by which Paros would fall into his power. Miltiades went thither, but after climbing the outer fence became suspicious

that the whole thing was a plot against him, and, yielding to the panic which sometimes seizes the bravest persons, he hurried away with such headlong haste that, in climbing the fence again, he received a dangerous wound in the thigh. Reaching his ships, he gave up the siege and sailed back to Athens.

There was no concealing the ignominy of which he had been guilty, in thus grossly violating the confidence of his countrymen. Xanthippus, the father of Pericles, charged him with having deceived the people, and he was brought to trial. His condition was already serious from his gangrened wound, and he was carried into court on a couch, where he lay while his friends pleaded for mercy. They could not, and did not, seek to justify his recent action, and their only appeal was based upon his inestimable services at Marathon. The judges did not close their ears to the prayer. Miltiades had committed a crime which in any other person would have been punished with death, but in his case he was sentenced with a heavy fine—so heavy indeed that it was beyond his ability to pay. It has been said by some that he died in prison, but let us hope this statement is an error, and that the death from his wound, which occurred shortly after his conviction, came soon enough to avert the degradation. The fine was afterward paid by his son Cimon. It was hard that the illustrious hero should have been compelled to suffer thus, and yet it must not be denied that he merited the punishment, for crime in a person cannot be justified by his previous good behavior.

In laying our plans, it is always wise to remember the obstacle that, sooner or later, is certain to block the path before us: that obstacle is death, and it was that which now brought the far-reaching schemes of Darius to naught. In the midst of his preparations for another invasion of Greece, he was brought low by the enemy that is always on the watch and will not be denied. He died B.C. 485, leaving his immense kingdom to Xerxes, who was the eldest son of his second wife, and who was appointed in preference to Artabazanes, the eldest son by his first wife. Xerxes was tall, fair, and of attractive personal appearance, but a contemptible man in every respect. He was indolent, vainglorious, cruel, cowardly, licentious, mean, and in short the worst specimen of an Eastern despot that the mind can picture.

Darius had been engaged for three years in his preparations for the invasion of Greece when he was diverted by an uprising in Egypt, and it was while suppressing it that he died, after a reign of thirty-seven years. Thus Xerxes inherited the Egyptian revolt, which it was necessary to subdue before he could give his attention to the important project against Greece. There was not much difficulty in subjugating Egypt, which was accomplished in the second year of the reign of Xerxes (B.C. 484). Impelled by that vanity which was one of his marked characteristics, he determined to gather the largest army that had

ever trod the earth. So it was that, although Darius had nearly arranged what he considered a sufficient force, the din of preparation sounded for four years more throughout Asia. The multitudes streamed into Critalla, in Cappadocia, the appointed rendezvous, from every part of the Persian empire. The land force included forty-six different nations, with their jargon of strange tongues, their crude weapons, and their wide diversity of dress and appearance. The fleet was manned by the Phœnicians, the Ionians, and other maritime nations, and immense stores of provisions were piled at different points along the line of march to the borders of Greece.

An important part of this gigantic work was the construction of a bridge across the Hellespont, which was completed by the Phœnician and Egyptian engineers. The length of this structure was an English mile, as it consisted of boats secured together; but hardly was it finished when it was destroyed by a violent storm. Then it was that Xerxes showed himself a ferocious fool, for he had the heads of the engineers cut off, and, with the silliness of a child, caused the impudent sea to receive three hundred lashes, and a set of fetters was cast into it. Then he ordered two bridges to be built, one for the army and the other for the beasts of burden and the baggage. This was done, and the respective rows of ships were held in place by anchors and by cables fastened to the sides of the channel.

Xerxes could not forget the peril his ships faced in rounding the rocky promontory of Mount Athos, where the fleet of Mardonius had been wrecked. To avoid this, he ordered a canal to be cut through the neck which joins the isthmus of Mount Athos with the mainland. The building of this canal required three years, but it was magnificently completed, with a length of a mile and a half, and a breadth sufficient for two triremes to sail abreast. To-day the traces of this canal may be seen.

Early in the spring of B.C. 480, Xerxes left Sardis, the Lydian capital, for Abydos, on the Hellespont. Professor Greene, referring to the pomp and splendor of this march, says: "The vast host was divided into two bodies of nearly equal size, between which ample space was left for the great king and his Persian guards. The baggage led the way, and was followed by one-half of the army, without any distinction of nations. Then after an interval came the retinue of the king. First of all marched a thousand Persian horsemen, followed by an equal number of Persian spearmen, the latter carrying spears with the points downward, and ornamented at the other end with golden pomegranates. Behind them walked ten sacred horses, gorgeously caparisoned, bred on the Nisæan plain of Media; next the sacred car of Jove, drawn by eight white horses; and then Xerxes himself in a chariot, drawn by Nisæan horses. He was followed by a thousand spearmen and a thousand horsemen, correspond-

ing to the two detachments which immediately preceded him. They were succeeded by ten thousand Persian infantry, called the 'Immortals,' because their number was always maintained. Nine thousand of them had their spears ornamented with pomegranates of silver at the reverse extremity; while the remaining thousand, who occupied the outer ranks, carried spears similarly adorned with pomegranates of gold. After the 'Immortals' came ten thousand Persian cavalry, who formed the rear of the royal retinue. Then, after an interval of two furlongs, the other half of the army followed.

"In this order the multitudinous host marched from Sardis to Abydos on the Hellespont. Here a marble throne was erected for the monarch upon an eminence, from which he surveyed all the earth covered with his troops, and all the sea crowded with his vessels. His heart swelled within him at the sight of such a vast assemblage of human beings; but his feelings of pride and pleasure soon gave way to sadness, and he burst into tears at the reflection that in a hundred years not one of them would be alive. At the first rays of the rising sun the army commenced the passage of the Hellespont. The bridges were perfumed with frankincense and strewed with myrtle, while Xerxes himself poured libations into the sea from a golden censer, and turning his face toward the east offered prayers to the Sun, that he might carry his victorious arms to the farthest extremities of Europe. Then throwing the censer into the sea, together with a golden bowl and a Persian scimeter, he ordered the Immortals to lead the way. The army crossed by one bridge and the baggage by the other; but so vast were their numbers that they were seven days and seven nights in passing over, without a moment of intermission. The speed of the troops was quickened by the lash, which was constantly employed by the Persians to urge on the troops in battle as well as during the march."

One of the interesting questions connected with this remarkable invasion is the number of men who crossed the Hellespont, like so many cattle, subject to the whim of the Persian monarch. Xerxes is said to have taken a peculiar method of counting his foot-soldiers. He first had ten thousand told off, and afterward crowded as close together as they could stand. Then a line was drawn around them and a wall built on this line. Into the space thus enclosed other soldiers quickly crowded themselves and then passed out again. This was done one hundred and seventy times before the entire army was measured. The process was substantially accurate, and made the number of foot soldiers to be 1,700,000. In addition, there were 80,000 horses and numerous war chariots and camels, with fully 20,000 men. The fleet was composed of 1,207 triremes and 3,000 smaller vessels. In each trireme were 200 rowers and 30 fighting men, while according to Herodotus, every accompanying vessel carried 80 men. This would give a total of 517,610 for the naval force. During the

march from the Hellespont to Thermopylæ, the army was continually increased by the Thracians, Macedonians, Magnesians, and other nations through whose territories Xerxes marched on his way to Greece. Herodotus estimates the number of camp followers, exclusive of eunuchs and women, as greater than the fighting men, so that the stupendous host was reckoned by the ancients as more than 6,000,000, or double the entire population of the American colonies during the Revolution.

The mind is dazed by this inconceivable array of men, and it is impossible not to believe that the number was vastly exaggerated. Nevertheless, at no other time in the history of the ancient or modern world has so prodigious a force of men been gathered under the command of one person. Grote, who refuses to accept the estimate of Herodotus, says: "We may well believe that the numbers of Xerxes were greater than were ever before assembled in ancient times, or perhaps at any known epoch of history."

The invading host moved along the coast through Thrace and Macedonia, and at Acanthus Xerxes looked with pride upon the canal that had been constructed by his order. There he parted from his fleet, which was directed to double the peninsulas of Sithonia and Pallene and await his arrival at Thessalonica, then known as Therma. There Xerxes rejoined his navy, and then pressed forward along the coast until he reached Mount Olympus, where he intended to leave for the first time his dominions and enter Hellenic territory.

All Greece had long known of the stupendous preparations in Persia for their annihilation. During the winter preceding the invasion the Grecian states were summoned to meet in congress at the isthmus of Corinth. The Spartans and Athenians were vigorously united in the presence of the terrifying danger, and put forth all effort to bring the whole Hellenic race into one resolute league for the defence of their homes and firesides. It would seem that such a union should have been quick and ardent, but it wholly failed. Many of the Grecian states were so panic-stricken by the rumble of the descending avalanche that they looked upon resistance as the height of madness, and made haste to submit to Xerxes in many cases before he had time to demand such submission. Even those who were far beyond the line of march refused to take any part in the congress. Let us remember that the only people north of the isthmus of Corinth who stood true to the cause of Grecian liberty were the Athenians and Phocians and the people of the small Bœotian towns of Platæa and Thespæ. Those in the northern part of Greece who were not allies of the Persians, like the Thebans, had not enough patriotism to pay a fair price for their independence.

Over in Peloponnesus, the powerful city of Argos scowled and grimly shook her head to the appeal. The inhabitants could not forget the humiliation re-

ceived a few years before from the Spartans, and they viewed with indifference, if not pleasure, the prospect of the evening up of matters by the Persian monarch. The Achæans had also a sufficient grievance to hold them aloof, for had not their ancestors been driven from their homes by the Dorians?

This desertion by their natural allies did not affect the resolution of Sparta and Athens to fight it out to the death with the barbarian multitudes that were pouring into the country like the inundation of the ocean itself. The Athenians were wise in securing the friendship of the Æginetans, whose powerful navy was of vast help to the common cause. The Spartans were given the supreme command on land as well as sea, though the Æginetan ships comprised two-thirds of the whole fleet. Themistocles was the soul of the congress, his magnetic patriotism thrilling the others with his own dauntless spirit. The patriots swore to resist to the end, and in case of success, to consecrate to the Delphian god one-tenth of the property of every Grecian state which had surrendered to the Persians except under the stress of resistless necessity.

When the question came up of where resistance should be offered to the Persian invasion, the Thessalians insisted that a body of men should be sent to guard the pass of Tempe, declaring that if this were not done they would be compelled to make terms with the foe. A force of 10,000 men was therefore sent to the pass in which a small body could check a large one; but, upon reaching it, the Grecian leaders discovered that the Persians would be able to land a force in their rear, and they learned also that there was another passage across Mount Olympus, a short distance to the west. These causes led them to withdraw from Thessaly and return to the isthmus of Corinth, whereupon the Thessalians carried out their threat and made submission to Xerxes.

The Greeks now fixed upon the pass of Thermopylæ (literally the "hot gates"), leading from Thessaly into Locris, and forming the only road by which an army could penetrate from northern into southern Greece. It lies south of the present course of the river Sperchius, between Mount Cæta and what was formerly an impassable morass bordering on the Malic Gulf. The presence of several hot springs in the pass is doubtless what gave it its name. It is about a mile long, and, at each extremity, the mountains approach so near the morass as to leave scant room for a single vehicle. Moreover, the island of Eubœa is separated from the mainland by a strait only two and a half miles wide in one portion, so that by defending that part with a fleet, an enemy can be prevented from landing at the southern end of the pass. This the Greeks determined to do. Accordingly, the whole Grecian fleet, under the command of the Spartan Eurybiades, passed to the north of Eubœa and took position off the northern coast of the island to check the advance of the Persian fleet.

A singular cause led to the sending of only a small land force for the de-

fence of Thermopylæ. The Greeks were on the point of entering upon the celebration of the Olympic games, and the Peloponnesians did not feel willing to abandon this, even when it was known that the Persians were near at hand. They decided therefore to send only a small force which they believed would be able to hold the pass until the celebration was over, when a much larger number would join their comrades. This body was placed under the command of the Spartan king Leonidas, the younger brother and successor of Cleomenes. It was composed of 300 Spartans, with their attendant Helots, and about 3,000 foot soldiers from different Peloponnesian states. They were joined while marching through Bœotia by 700 Thespians and 400 Thebans, the latter of whom Leonidas compelled the Theban government to furnish him. At Thermopylæ, 1,000 Phocians were added to the number.

Leonidas now made the alarming discovery that an overgrown path led over Mount Ceta, and would permit a foe to reach southern Greece without passing through Thermopylæ. He received the information from the Phocians, who, upon their own request, were posted on the summit commanding the pass, while Leonidas took position with the remainder of the troops within the pass of Thermopylæ. His station was strengthened by the rebuilding of a ruined wall across the northern entrance.

Although the Spartan commander was calm and confident, the case was far different with those around him. The sight of the overwhelming numbers of Persians made the Peloponnesians clamor for the abandonment of the position and the adoption of that of the isthmus of Corinth. They would have done so, but for the persuasions of Leonidas and the angry remonstrances of the Phocians and Locrians.

When Xerxes came in sight of Thermopylæ and was told of the handful of men that were waiting to dispute his advance, he could hardly credit it. He delayed his march for several days in the belief that they would disperse; but, seeing they did not, he ordered on the fifth day that the presumptuous madmen should be brought before him. The Persians attacked with great bravery, but the narrow space prevented their utilizing their superior numbers, and the Greeks easily held them at bay. When the battle had lasted a long time, without the slightest advantage to the Persians, Xerxes ordered his ten thousand Immortals forward, but they were repulsed as decisively as the others. Xerxes sat on a lofty throne which had been erected for him, in order that he might enjoy the sight of the overthrow of the audacious little band, and he sprang to his feet several times in a transport of fear and rage.

The attack of the next day promised no better success, and the monarch began to despair, when an execrable miscreant, a Malian by birth, named Ephialtes, revealed to Xerxes the secret of the path across the mountains. As

speedily as possible a strong detachment started over the trail under the guidance of the traitor. Setting out at dusk they were near the summit at day-break. The Phocians stationed there were so terrified at sight of them that they fled from the path and took refuge on the highest point of the ridge. The Persians paid no attention to them, but hurried along the path, and began descending the mountain on the other side. The watchful scouts of Leonidas, however, had brought him news of his mortal peril several hours before. He called a council of war, in which the majority urged the abandonment of the position they could no longer hold, that they might reserve their strength for the future defence of Greece. Leonidas, being a Spartan, was bound to die where he stood if necessary, but never to retreat. His comrades were equally heroic, and the seven hundred Thespians pledged themselves to remain and share their fate. The rest of the allies were allowed to retire, with the exception of the four hundred Theban hostages.

Xerxes waited until the sun was overhead, when, confident that the detachment sent over the mountain had reached its destination, he prepared to attack; but Leonidas and his "deathless Spartans," knowing they must die, came out from behind their wall and charged the Persians in the very desperation of valor. Their assault was resistless; hundreds of the enemy were mowed down like grass; others were tumbled into the sea, and many more trampled to death by the confused legions behind them. The hissing lash and savage threats were scarce sufficient to hold the Persians to their work; but when the spears of the Greeks were broken and they were left with only their swords, the enemy began to wedge their way among them. One of the first to die was Leonidas, over whose body the most furious fighting of the day took place. Again and again the Persians were hurled back, until human endurance could stand no more, and utterly exhausted the Greeks tottered back, "all that was left of them," and flung themselves down on a hillock behind the wall. A brief while later, the detachment that had passed through the secret path appeared in the rear of the heroes. The Thebans called out that they had been compelled to fight against their will and begged for quarter. Their lives were spared, but the Spartans and Thespians, surrounded on every side, were slain to the last man.

The poet Simonides said of this immortal defence of Leonidas:

"Of those who at Thermopylæ were slain,
Glorious the doom, and beautiful the lot;
Their tomb an altar: men from tears refrain
To honor them, and praise, but mourn them not.
Such sepulchre nor drear decay
Nor all-destroying time shall waste: this right have they.

Within their grave the home-bred glory
Of Greece was laid ; this witness gives
Leonidas the Spartan, in whose story
A wreath of famous virtue ever lives."

Meanwhile, the two fleets were battling off the northern coast of Eubœa. The Greek ships under Eurybiades numbered only two hundred and seventy-one, with Themistocles in charge of the Athenian squadron, and Adimantus of the Corinthian. Three vessels sent out to watch the movements of the enemy were captured. This and the sight of the vast Persian fleet approaching so alarmed the Greek ships that they abandoned their position and sailed up the channel between Eubœa and the mainland to Chalcis, where the width was so slight that it could have been easily defended. This retreat let the Persians free to land any force they chose in the rear of Thermopylæ.

News being carried to the Persian naval commander that the way was clear, he sailed from the gulf of Therma, and a day carried him almost to the southern point of Magnesia. Opposite a breach in the mountains the commander decided to pass the night, but the space was so slight that he had to line his vessels eight deep off the shore. The next morning a terrific hurricane tore the ships from their anchorage, flung them against one another, and hurled them upon the cliffs. There was no abatement in the fury of the tempest for three days and nights, at the end of which the wrecks of four hundred ships lined the shore, with thousands of bodies and a vast amount of stores and treasures. The vessels that had managed to ride out the gale passed around the southern promontory of Magnesia and anchored at Aphetæ, near the entrance to the Pagasæan gulf.

Under the belief that the whole Persian fleet had been destroyed, the Greeks at Chalcis hurried back to their former station at Artemisium, only a few miles from Aphetæ; but to their dismay saw that an overwhelming number of the enemy's ships had escaped and now confronted them. They would have fled had not the Eubœans sent one of their citizens to Themistocles with an offer of thirty talents, if he could induce the Greek commanders to stay and defend the island. Themistocles dearly loved a bribe, and eagerly seized the chance. By placing the money "where it would do the most good," he persuaded his companions to stay, and at the same time he laid aside a tidy sum for himself.

The Persians were so sure of victory that in order to prevent the Greeks from escaping they sent two hundred ships to sail round to the rear and cut off their retreat. These vessels were attacked with such sudden impetuosity that thirty were disabled or captured. Night descended before the Persians could rally sufficiently to strike back with effectiveness. That night another storm did

great damage to the Persian fleet and many of the Greeks began to believe the gods were fighting on their side. Their spirits rose still higher through the arrival next day of fifty-three fresh Athenian vessels, which helped to destroy some of the enemy's ships at their moorings.

The Persians were enraged by these attacks, and dreading also the anger of Xerxes, who had an uncomfortable habit of cutting off the heads of those who displeased him, they prepared for a resistless assault on the morrow. When about noon they began sailing toward Artemisium, their line was in the form of a crescent. The Greeks hugged the shore, to escape being surrounded, and with a view of preventing the enemy from bringing all their fleet into action.

The battle was of the fiercest nature, both sides displaying great bravery. Much mutual damage was done, but at the close of day the Greeks were so weakened, for they could less afford their losses, that all agreed it would be impossible to renew the fight on the morrow. Hardly had this decision been reached when news was received of the fall of Leonidas and his comrades at Thermopylæ. The Greeks lost no time in sailing up the Eubœan channel; and, doubling the promontory of Sunium, did not pause until they arrived at the island of Salamis.

Absolute destruction now impended over Athens, for there was nothing to prevent the Persians from marching straight to that city. The Athenians had relied upon the pledge of the Peloponnesians to march an army into Bœotia, but nothing of the nature was done, and the Athenian families and property were at the mercy of the ruthless foe. The Grecian fleet had stopped at Salamis, and Eurybiades consented to pause a while and help carry away the Athenian families and their effects.

All agreed that in six days at the furthest Xerxes would be at Athens. Not an hour, therefore, was lost, and before the time had passed all who wished to leave the city had done so. Many refused to go farther than Salamis, but the capital was depopulated in less than a week.

Themistocles found it an almost impossible task to hold his countrymen to the supreme work that now confronted them. When the Delphian oracle was appealed to, its first answer was a command for them to flee to the ends of the earth, since nothing could save them from destruction. A second appeal to the oracle brought forth the dubious reply that the divine Salamis would make women childless, but "when all was lost, a wooden wall should still shelter the Athenians." Probably the wily Themistocles suggested this answer, for he interpreted it to mean that a fleet and naval victory was to be their only means of safety. But some insisted that the reply meant that the Athenians should find refuge in the Acropolis, with the western front fortified by barricades of timber.

The awful danger brought all closer together. Themistocles urged a decree, which was passed, recalling those that had been ostracized, specially including his former rival Aristides the Just. The knights, led by Cimon, the son of Miltiades, marched to the Acropolis to hang up their bridles in the temple of Athena, and to bring out the consecrated arms fitted for the naval service in which they were about to engage. The rich and aristocratic contributed without stint to the funds for the equipment of the fleet and the care of the poor. In short, nothing that promised to help the public good was left undone.

Meanwhile, the Persian army was steadily approaching the city. When he arrived, Xerxes found a small body of citizens gathered in the Acropolis, who refused his demand for surrender. A desperate fight followed, but the handful were overcome; and those who did not find death by flinging themselves from the rock were put to the sword. The temples and houses of Athens were pillaged and burnt.

It is said that in the midst of the embers and desolation the Athenians in the train of Xerxes, while sacrificing in the Acropolis, saw with amazement that the sacred olive tree, growing on the temple of Athena, had within the two days following the fire thrown out a fresh shoot a cubit in length; but the hapless and deserted capital lay prostrate at the feet of the Persian conqueror.

The fleet of Xerxes, which had arrived at the bay of Phalerum, included, by the least estimate, a thousand vessels, while those of the Grecian fleet at Salamis were about one-third as numerous. Moreover, there were disputing and dissension among the Grecian commanders. The Peloponnesian leaders urged that the fleet should sail to the isthmus of Corinth, so as to effect communication with the land forces, and their arguments gained force from the arrival of the news that Athens had been captured by the enemy. Themistocles was vehemently in favor of staying at Salamis and fighting in the narrow straits, where the superior numbers of the Persian ships could not help them. But all his enthusiasm and eloquence were insufficient to convince his colleagues, and when night closed the council the majority voted in favor of retreat, which was to begin on the following morning.

But there was no shaking the resolution of Themistocles. He was almost in despair when he returned to his ship, but he soon went back to Eurybiades and succeeded in persuading him to call the council again. The commanders obeyed, but were surly and angered, insisting that the whole matter had been closed. Plutarch relates that Eurybiades was so incensed by the language of Themistocles that he raised his stick to strike him, whereupon the Athenian exclaimed, "Strike, but hear me!"

The Spartan commander, however, was won over, and without putting the question to a vote, he issued orders for the fleet to remain at Salamis and give

battle to the Persians. Preparations were vigorously made, but the disheartening news received from home the next day caused an almost open mutiny. A third council was called, and, despite the fierce pleadings of Themistocles, he saw the majority were against him, and then it was that he did an exceedingly clever thing.

The debate went on hour after hour. The members who were opposed to remaining were impatient and wished to bring the question to a vote, for there was no doubt of the result, but Themistocles dinned away with his arguments, repeating many of them over and over again, though never without great force. It may be wondered whether among his listeners there was none who saw there was something, unsuspected by the others, behind all this argumentation of the eloquent Athenian. The truth of it was that Themistocles was neither trying nor hoping to bring his comrades over to his view; he was talking against time, for the success of the stratagem he had on foot depended upon staving off the vote as long as possible. Finally, when the wearied council adjourned, it was with the understanding that it should reassemble before daybreak.

So in the gloomy hours beyond midnight the shadowy figures came together again, sullen, angry, impatient, and each more set than ever in his view. It did not add to the charitable feeling of Themistocles' opponents when they saw how their wishes were baffled so continuously by one person. They resolved to bring the matter to a decisive issue without any more delay.

But hardly had they come together when a messenger appeared with word that a man had just arrived on urgent business and wished to speak to Themistocles. The latter hurried outside, where to his astonishment he stood face to face with his old rival Aristides. The latter with characteristic chivalry instantly proposed that their former rivalry should now be directed as to which could do the most for his country. Aristides had spent more than five years in exile, but his heart glowed with the purest patriotism, and it need hardly be said that Themistocles eagerly echoed the words of the Just, who then revealed that the Persian fleet had completely surrounded that of the Greeks, Aristides having stolen through with much difficulty in the darkness. Themistocles asked his friend to repeat what he had just told him to the council, since the members would give it more weight than if the news came from himself. Aristides passed inside and did so, but he would hardly have been believed had not his words been confirmed by the arrival of a fleeing ship with the same tidings.

Now, strange as it may sound, it was Themistocles himself who had caused the Persian ships to surround those of his countrymen. He had among his slaves a learned Asiatic Greek, the instructor of his children, and a master of the Persian tongue. Themistocles sent him secretly and in great haste to

Xerxes with tidings of the quarrel among the Grecian commanders, assuring the great king that he would not have the least difficulty in surrounding and capturing the whole wrangling assemblage of ships. Moreover, Xerxes was persuaded that Themistocles was favorable at heart to the Persian cause. It is not impossible, in view of the subsequent course of the Athenian, that he wished to gain favor in the eyes of the monarch. Be that as it may, the latter acted upon the advice sent him, and the Greek ships being shut in on every side had no choice but to fight.

Xerxes, in his vanity, declared that the previous naval disasters resulted from his absence, and he now caused a lofty throne to be built, opposite the harbor of Salamis, where all his people could see him and be inspired by his presence.

"A king sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations ;—all were his !
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set where were they?"

Since the Greeks were driven to bay and forced to fight, they did so with the utmost heroism and skill. Nor can a display of bravery be denied the Persians, who fought as if the consciousness of being under the eye of the great king, perched high and far away on his throne, was an inspiration. Had the battle been fought on the open sea, it is inconceivable that the Greek ships should have escaped, but the narrow space fatally hindered the thousand vessels which collided with one another and became entangled in their efforts to reach their opponents, who had just enough room in which to do their best. The Greeks lost 40 and their enemies 200 vessels. A single incident will illustrate the conditions of this famous battle more graphically than pages of detailed description.

Artemisia, queen of Halicarnassus, accompanied Xerxes on this invasion and was held in high esteem by him on account of her prudence and bravery. She was almost alone in opposing an attack upon the Greeks, but when over-ruled, no one displayed more impetuous daring than she. Watching every phase of the fight, however, with the eye of a general, she was not long in awaking to the fact that the only way of avoiding capture was by flight; so she fled, hotly pursued by Aminias the Athenian trierarch, or commander of a trireme. Directly across her line of flight lay a Persian vessel. Without turning a hair to the right or left, Artemisia drove her boat straight into the other, cutting it in two and sending all on board to the bottom. Aminias saw only one explanation of this act—the queen was a deserter from the Persian cause; and he therefore allowed her to escape.

But the whole fleet of the invaders was defeated and fled in a disgraceful panic. Besides the 200 ships that had been destroyed, the Greeks captured many more with their crews. A considerable Persian force had been landed on a low barren island near the southern entrance to the straits, with a view of helping such of their vessels as should be driven thither, and to destroy those of the Greeks that might come within reach. When the Persian fleet was in full flight, Aristides landed on the island with a body of troops, attacked the Persians, overcame, and slew every one.

Who can imagine the rage of Xerxes when from his lofty perch he witnessed this crowning degradation of his arms? He was like a lunatic, and when some Phœnician crews were driven ashore at his feet, and attempted to make excuse for their misfortune, he answered them by ordering their heads cut off.

And then Xerxes, as might have been expected, acted the part of the coward. Despite the severe losses of his fleet, it was still far superior to that of the Greeks, who, expecting another battle, prepared for it; but the whole Persian fleet was ordered to make haste in returning to Asia, and the best Persian troops were landed and marched toward the Hellespont in order to save the bridge there. The Greeks started in pursuit, but Eurybiades and the Peloponnesians, well aware of the formidable strength of the Persians, thought it prudent to let them escape, instead of driving them to bay as the Greeks themselves had been driven. It is impossible not to believe that this was the wiser course; but Themistocles used the occasion to send another message to Xerxes, which proved his selfishness and cunning, as well as his resolve to take care of his own interests. He used his former trustworthy slave to tell the monarch that it was because of his personal friendship for him that he dissuaded his countrymen from destroying the bridge over the Hellespont and cutting off his retreat.

We have learned of the failure of Mardonius in his former attempt to invade Greece, and it was he who did much to persuade Xerxes to withdraw. He flattered the vanity of the monarch by representing that the great object of the expedition had been attained through the capture of Athens, and his glory therefore was not tarnished by a departure from the country. He insisted that the complete conquest of Greece was easy, and he engaged to accomplish it with an army of 300,000 men. Mardonius was supported in his views by Queen Artemisia and the courtiers, and thus it happened that the stupendous invasion of Greece came to naught.

When the retreating host reached Thessaly, Mardonius gathered the army with which he expected to subdue the Greeks; but since autumn was at hand and 60,000 of the troops were to act as an escort for Xerxes he decided to

postpone his campaign until the following spring. The diminished Persian army reached the Hellespont after a march of about six weeks, where it was found that the bridge had been swept away by storms; but the fleet was there and carried the troops across. Thus closed the prodigious invasion, and the Greeks celebrated their triumph, after their national custom, by welcoming the victors with all honors in a great procession, and by the distribution of rewards. The chief prize for valor was given to the Æginetans and the second to the Athenians, the first individual rank being accorded to Polycritus, the Æginetan, and to Eumenes and Aminias, the Athenians, while the deities received their full share of honor.

The main prize, however, was to be for the commander whose skill had most helped to defeat the enemy. Each chieftain was called on to vote for whom he thought deserved it; and, according to the story, each with frank simplicity voted for himself. This did not help the people much toward a choice. But fortunately the vote had called also for a second choice, and every single chief had selected, as next to himself in merit, the same man—Themistocles. So by unanimous vote Themistocles was declared the greatest of the Greek commanders. The Spartans crowned him with olive leaves, made him presents, and received him in their city with such honors as they had never accorded before to any but a Spartan. He stood upon a pinnacle of glory, the most famous man of all the known world.

While Xerxes was thus being repelled in the east, a formidable enemy was also assailing the western Greeks in Sicily. The most powerful of the Greek colonial cities there was Syracuse. Her strength at this time was probably greater even than that of Sparta; and it had need to be, for the Phœnicians of Carthage, probably in alliance with Xerxes, suddenly invaded the island. They made some trivial pretext of interfering among the quarrelling Greek cities, and landed an army of, we are told, three hundred thousand men to besiege the little town of Himera. Gelon, the king, or tyrant, of Syracuse, gathered all the troops he could from the neighboring cities and attacked the invaders, with a force far smaller than theirs. The battle was prolonged and desperate, the result looked uncertain.

Finally, Gelon resorted to a clever stratagem. The Carthaginians had been assured of aid by certain traitorous Greeks; and Gelon, knowing this, sent a body of his own men, who pretended to be the promised support. They were received with joy by the invaders, and, being admitted to the centre of the camp, turned suddenly on the unsuspecting foe, set fire to their ships, and slew right and left. The whole Greek army rushed again to the attack, and the Carthaginians were crushed.

Christianity had not yet come to teach charity toward a fallen foe, and that

entire body of three hundred thousand men was practically swept out of existence. A few escaped in the remnants of the burning ships, but a storm overwhelmed these, and if we may believe the historian Diodorus, only one small boat reached Carthage with the dreadful tidings. Fugitives by thousands hid in the Sicilian mountains until hunger forced them to surrender themselves to the Greeks. The remainder of their miserable lives they spent in chains laboring for their conquerors. So numerous did these slaves become that their lives were treated as of no account whatever; some private citizens had as many as five hundred of them being worked or starved to death. The Greek cities of Sicily were almost entirely rebuilt by this forced labor, becoming the splendid monuments of a cruel crime.

Herodotus places this decisive battle of Himera on the same day with that of Salamis. Europe had hurled back the invading forces of both Asia and Africa. Later she was to attack them in her turn.

Meanwhile the Persian fleet, after conveying Xerxes and his army across the Hellespont, reassembled to the number of 400 in the following spring at Samos, with the purpose of watching Ionia, which had become restless. The Greek fleet, consisting of 110 vessels, gathered at the same time at Ægina, under the command of the Spartan king Leotychides, but neither force attacked the other. Meanwhile, Mardonius completed his arrangements for the campaign, which he had promised Xerxes should bring all Greece under subjection. While a number of the towns showed disaffection toward Persia, the Macedonians, the Thessalians, and the Bœotians were disposed to aid the Persian leader, who used all his arts to persuade the Athenians to join in the alliance, but without effect. Sparta promised to support Athens, but broke the pledge. Mardonius marched against Athens, accompanied by his numerous Greek allies, and occupied it again early in the summer of B.C. 479, less than a year after the retreat of Xerxes. Seductive offers were again made to the Athenians, who fled from the city; but such was their resentment that the only man who favored yielding was stoned to death with all the members of his family.

Having removed to Salamis, the Athenians sent messengers to Sparta, bitterly denouncing such faithlessness and intimating that unless their former allies did their duty, the Athenians might find it necessary to form the proposed alliance with Mardonius. If this were done, it meant the destruction of Sparta; so she now moved vigorously. An army of 10,000, exclusive of the Helots, was sent to the field, quickly followed by other allies from the Peloponnesian cities.

Mardonius abandoned Attica before the approach of this force, and passed into Bœotia, where the country was more favorable for his cavalry. He took up his position near the town of Platæa, where he built a strongly fortified

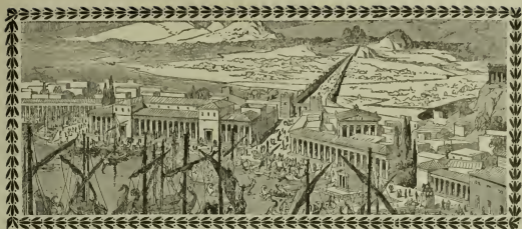
camp. It should be borne in mind that many of his troops were dispirited by the disastrous campaign of Xerxes the year before, and by the retreat of Mardonius himself, while the Greeks were enthusiastic and their numbers constantly increased. Although they had no cavalry and only a few bowmen, their forces numbered 110,000 men. Each army was afraid to make an open attack, and for days there was much skirmishing and harassing of each other's forces. Finally Pausanias, the Greek commander, finding his position untenable, ordered a retreat to another, about a mile to the rear, which was superior in every respect. The withdrawal, owing to disputes among the leaders, was disorderly and confused. It was made in the night, and, when Mardonius learned at daylight of the movement, he ordered a pursuit. The battle that followed was of the most furious nature, but Mardonius was killed and his whole army driven in headlong confusion back to their fortified camp. There they were impetuously attacked, and, despite a valiant resistance, defeated with great slaughter. The dead were numbered by the tens of thousands, and many days were occupied in burying the bodies. Mardonius was interred with honors, and the spot remained marked for several hundred years by a monument. The treasures and spoils gathered from the camp of the enemy were worth a kingdom.

Thebes, which had been the most powerful ally of the Persians, was next besieged and captured; and the most prominent citizens who had favored the enemy were put to death. The defensive league against the Persians was renewed and it was arranged that deputies should meet annually at Platæa.

Meanwhile, Leotychides having crossed the Ægean, attacked the Persian fleet at Mycale, a promontory near Miletus, where he landed on the 4th of September, B.C. 479, the very day of the battle of Platæa. The army of 60,000 Persians lining the shore fled to their fortifications. They made a fierce defence, but were routed and both their generals killed. What was left of the Persian army retreated to Sardis, where Xerxes had lingered. Thus his vast host had been ignominiously routed and his immense fleet destroyed. Never again did the Persians dare invade Greece. It took several years to dislodge them entirely, but in the end they were driven wholly out of Europe.



ATHENIAN HELMETS



THE PIRÆUS AND LONG WALLS OF ATHENS

Chapter XVIII

THE AGE OF PERICLES



THE reason the Greeks are so renowned in history is partly, of course, because of their splendid war against the Persians; but it is even more because of the half-century of peaceful achievement and development that followed. It was the golden age of Greece. A sudden impulse was given to the whole Greek world, to the Greek mind and heart and eye and tongue, by their splendid triumph, their glorious independence. Just so we, here in America, believe that much of our progress and success have been due to the pride and high spirit roused by our own War of Independence. Indeed, the two wars are so similar that a parallel is often made between them. In each case, a powerful world-conquering nation attempted to subjugate a small but sturdy race, scattered in little groups along the seashore with a wilderness at its back, a race of expert seamen, practised mountaineers.

The task seemed easy and was approached at first with confidence, almost contempt; but in each case distance paralyzed the mighty arm of the striker. The resisting patriots were at first beaten down by superior resources, their cause seemed desperate; but refusing to recognize defeat, they rallied again and again, and in the end the hired troops, fighting for pay, fell back ingloriously before the men who defended their homes and liberties.

You can trace the resemblance for yourself through the years whose story is to follow, even down to the jealous civil war which disrupted the Grecian

states. Only bear in mind that our progress has been mainly intellectual, that of the Greeks was along artistic lines.

The Athenians came back after the war to a city twice destroyed and a country made desolate. They had lost all their wealth, but they had learned, at least for a time, a lesson more valuable than wealth. They had learned the strength that lies in united action. They had passed together through such trials as had made them really brothers. They had won by their courage and determination a fame which they were resolved to maintain and to increase. As one man they set to work to rebuild their city on a greater scale than before.

The Spartans had learned to respect and even to fear Athens as a possible rival for the supremacy of Greece. They could not quarrel openly with a city which had just done and suffered so much for their common land, but they saw a way of checking its rising power. They sent an embassy advising that no walls be built around the new city, for fear the Persians might capture it again and make it a Persian stronghold. Spartan advice had long been equivalent to a command in Grecian affairs, and the Athenians were much perplexed, because to leave their city unwallled was to leave themselves forever at the mercy of Sparta, or even of a lesser foe.

In this dilemma it was again the crafty Themistocles who came to the front. He got himself sent to Sparta on an embassy to argue the matter. Two other Athenians were to follow him, but these purposely delayed. Then while Themistocles lulled Spartan suspicion by wondering loudly why his two colleagues did not arrive, every man, woman, and child in Athens set to working night and day upon the walls. There was no time for quarrying stone. Old houses were torn down, and ruined temples. Broken columns and statues mingled with the heap. Even gravestones were sacrificed to the pressing need, and for centuries after could still be seen in the remains of the ponderous walls, as proof of the haste and spirit with which the Athenians labored.

Rumors reached Sparta of what was going on. Themistocles equivocated, still delayed things, and at last flatly denied the charge. He urged the Spartans, instead of believing idle whispers, to send messengers for themselves and see that nothing was being done at Athens. They took him at his word and sent the messengers, thus causing further delay. Before their return the walls were so far advanced that Themistocles threw off the mask, flatly avowed what he had done, and told the Spartans that Athens needed no advice; she was capable of judging her course for herself—and also of defending herself.

That was obviously so. It was too late to go to war against the walled and resolute city; and besides, her late sacrifices for Greece made that a shameful thing to do. So the Spartans yielded the point as gracefully as they could, but they hated Themistocles ever after, as much as they had formerly honored him.

Another event at this time contributed even more to the rising power of Athens. The Greeks were still busy driving the Persians from various fortified posts which they held around the Ægean sea. The Asiatic Greeks had also thrown off the Persian yoke, and all the fleets were now acting in unison under a Spartan commander, Pausanias. Pausanias had won great renown by being the general of the allied forces in the victory of Plataea; but he seems to have been an incapable sort of man, haughty, treacherous, and selfish. He lost his head under the honors heaped on him, and treated all around him, especially the Asiatic Greeks, as though they had been slaves, not allies. He became a victim to the subtle disease which destroyed so many Greeks, and which they called *Medism*; that is to say, he became fascinated by the wealth and display of the Persian satraps, he imitated their gorgeous dress and contemptuous manner, he coveted their gold. He sold his honor and his country and entered into an arrangement with Xerxes by which he was to bring all Greece under the monarch's power and have the rule of it himself, as a Persian satrap with unbounded riches.

You would think that with such an aim he would have been specially careful to conciliate the forces under him; but instead he became more overbearing and offensive to them every day. Complaints against him poured into Sparta, and at length he was summoned home from the fleet to answer the charges against him. Even before he left, the Asian Greeks broke into open revolt against him. They had not the old respect for Spartan leadership which awed the European Greeks, and as Ionian colonies they looked naturally to Athens as their mother city. Very fortunately for the Athenians the commandant of their ships in the fleet chanced to be Aristides, Themistocles' old rival, "the Just." Even as Themistocles' craft had helped them before, so Aristides' high repute served them here.

The Ionians came to him in a body, and begged him to assume the leadership of the fleet, to protect them against Spartan insolence and incapacity. They formed a great naval union, called the Delian league, of which Athens was to be the head; and to Aristides was entrusted the entire power to draw up a set of equitable laws, by which all were to be bound.

So well and justly did he do his work that all the maritime cities around the Ægean readily joined the league, then or soon thereafter. Athens found herself suddenly and unexpectedly at the head of the mightiest naval power the world had known. At first, it was a league where all were equal. Each city was taxed, according to its size, a certain amount in ships and in money, Aristides alone estimating the amount in each case. What an opportunity it was for bribery! Yet never a whisper was heard against him; not one apportionment was protested as unfair.

The powerful and united navy slowly drove out the Persians; it cleared the *Ægean* sea of pirates; it made Grecian commerce safe as it had never been before. Gradually the lesser and lazier cities found it much easier to contribute all money instead of ships and men. Athens readily consented to the change and herself supplied the vessels. As years slipped by the navy became more and more Athenian, and the lesser cities became mere tributaries, which Athens protected in return for their money. Then some of them sought to withdraw from the league altogether, but Athens insisted on the necessity of a Greek fleet, insisted on her tribute; and they were helpless. Almost unconsciously, the equal and republican Delian league had shifted into an Athenian empire.

This, however, was a matter of many years, during which many things had happened. The traitor Pausanias had met his punishment. So high was his fame that on his recall to Sparta no man dared accuse him, and he remained in Sparta for years prosecuting his plans defiantly, almost openly. His agents spread all through Greece, his revolt was fully prepared, when, at the last moment, a frightened slave revealed everything. The proof was absolute and damning; Pausanias himself was overheard discussing the plot.

The unwilling judges could no longer refuse to believe, and determined on the arrest of their hero. He saw the anger in their eyes and fled from them to the shrine of a temple. It would have been irreligious to drag him thence, so a wall was built up around the shrine, a guard set about it, and Pausanias was left to starve within. He was carefully watched, and just as death's hand was touching him, the wall was broken down and he was carried out, that he might not pollute the place by dying there.

His treason had touched a greater man. Themistocles, always delighting in intrigue, always eager to mine deeper than other men and show himself subtler than they, had taken some hand in the conspiracy, what, we hardly know. The Spartans eagerly sent the proofs of this to Athens, whence he had been already temporarily ostracized on a lesser suspicion of bribery. Themistocles did not wait for a trial, which must inevitably have convicted him; he fled to Persia.

Romance entwines all his later career. His flight is represented as full of adventures. The successor of Xerxes was so delighted at his arrival that he started repeatedly from his sleep, crying, "I have got Themistocles, the Athenian." The fugitive asked a year to learn the language before visiting the Persian king, and then presented to him such schemes for conquering Greece that the tribute of three cities was given him for his support. Year after year he delayed putting his plans for the conquest into action, until he died, perhaps taking poison when he could no longer delay the promise he had never meant to keep.

At the beginning of his career he had been only moderately rich, his fortune amounting to two or three talents; but he left vast estates to his descendants in Persia. In Athens, too, even after his friends had saved for him all they could, there had remained of his, and been confiscated by the state, the enormous fortune of eighty talents, an astounding sum in those days, and a sufficient commentary on his public career. Aristides, dying soon afterward, had to be buried at the public expense. Of all the wealth that had passed through his hands in connection with the Delian league, not one penny had clung to soil them.

Of the younger generation of statesmen who succeeded these, the most famous was Pericles. Indeed, this is often called, after him, the Age of Pericles. He was the son of the Athenian commander at Mycale, and himself fought as a youth against the Persians. He became the leader of the people's party or democracy of Athens. Changes had been made in the Athenian constitution soon after Salamis by Aristides, which much extended the power of the lower classes. Indeed, after the common exile and suffering, the common labors and triumphs of that period, it would have been difficult to reintroduce the old class distinctions. Now all men could vote, all could hold office; and Pericles, as a splendid orator and the consistent champion of the common people, became the real ruler of Athens.

As the city rose from its ruins, he determined to make it worthy of its fame and power. He had all the wealth of the Delian league at his command, he had a people the most artistic the world has known. It was the time of the sculptor Phidias, of whom you have already read. Pericles supplied the money, Phidias and twenty others brought the genius, and among them they created the wonderful Athens of story. Day after day Pericles, with his beautiful friend and counsellor, Aspasia, visited the studio of Phidias to admire and to criticise. Not only were the wonderful buildings and statues on the Acropolis erected; every quarter had its temples, every street had its marble figures of the gods and heroes. The market place, or agora, a great open square in the middle of the city, was surrounded with covered walks lined with statues. The long walls were built connecting Athens with its seaports five miles away, and making it practically secure from conquest.

Pericles had grasped the theory of modern governments, that since the state is supported by all the citizens, it must be governed for the good of all. He believed that every man ought to be brought in actual touch with the government, so as to have a living interest in it. Moreover, his state had the money to make his ideas effective. Few Athenians engaged in trade or business of any kind. They spent their lives in the service of the state, and the state repaid them liberally. They served in her fleets and armies abroad, or in her law

courts and assemblies at home. To such a general height of culture did the citizens attain that most officials were chosen by lot, not elected, each man proving about as capable as others of filling his position with success and honor.

The leisure time of the people was occupied in the study of the arts, for the further beautifying of their city, or in practising athletic games in the gymnasium. They reached a state of bodily health and strength and beauty apparently far in advance of ours. They became trained orators; they built splendid open-air theatres and developed the drama to heights of great power. It was the time of the three famous tragedians, Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, and of the comic dramatist Aristophanes.

Some giddier heads unfortunately gave themselves more or less to dissipation. We have a very clear picture of the mingled wisdom and folly of the young "bloods" in Plato's dialogue, the "Symposium." It depicts a dinner at the house of Agatho, a well-known tragic poet, the friend of Plato, Socrates, Alcibiades, and Euripides. Love in all its phases is made the subject of the speeches of those present at the banquet. Agatho, and the wise Socrates, have a lively argument which a friend represses. The poet Aristophanes is about to say something, when a band of revellers break into the court and the voice of the dashing young Alcibiades is heard asking for Agatho. He is brought in intoxicated and is welcomed by Agatho, whom he has come to crown with a garland. He is placed on a couch at Agatho's side, but suddenly, on recognizing Socrates, he starts up and carries on a sort of wit conflict with him which Agatho is asked to appease. Alcibiades insists that they shall drink, and has a large wine-cooler filled, which he first empties himself, then fills again and passes to Socrates. He is informed of the nature of the entertainment, and joins in the spirit of it, singing the praises of Socrates and expressing the hope that the sage will soon fall in love with him. When Alcibiades has finished, a philosophical dispute begins between him, Agatho, and Socrates. Presently another band of revellers appears and introduces disorder into the feast; the sober guests withdraw; others remain, till by dawn all but Socrates are hopelessly drunk, and he goes to his daily devotions.

Naturally Pericles made enemies, not personal but political ones. Sparta, seeing herself outshone by her more active rival, intrigued against him. The party of the aristocracy were always opposed to his liberal democratic measures. Even among the poorer classes envious men were not wanting who would gladly have overthrown him to take his place. But hatred itself could find no criminal charge to bring against Pericles. He had wealth of his own, more than sufficient for his wants. In appearance he was handsome but reserved, and even haughty. He had none of the arts of the demagogue. His

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